Good Pinch

written by

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Black.

SHOT: A wall. Straight on.

"Eleven Thirty Seven Studios"

CUT TO:

INT. - APARTMENT - DAY

Two people sit at a dinner table with meals in front of them.

MAN 2 looks and speaks honest.

MAN 2
Thanks for letting me come over today man, you know it's been a rough week for me.

MAN 1
Ain't no problem.
(starts eating)
Anytime.

MAN 2 begins to eat.

MAN 2
Especially since you know, I got some new problems with this damn truck.

MAN 1
(nods heavily)
Oh yeah, oh yeah. So I've heard.

...

MAN 1 wipes his hands while chewing and reaches into his back pocket and grabs a ZYN.

SHOT: ZYN coming out of his pocket. A sound plays.

MAN 1 starts slapping the ZYN with his fingers as MAN 2 eats more. Each slap fusing with the next, in a medium tempo.

WIDE SHOT: The whole table. MAN 1 has stopped eating and stares at MAN 2 as he eats, like he's focusing on slapping the ZYN.

MAN 2 looks up.

MAN 2
... Um... So how's work been this week?

MAN 1 slows the tempo down drastically.

MAN 1
(nods)
Ah you know, it's been slow.

After he answers the question, the tempo arises again.

MAN 2
(pauses)
(laughs a little)
How long you gonna slap that Zyn man?

SHOT: Straight on MAN 1

MAN 1
(serious)
As long as it takes.
(nods)

MAN 2
(laughs)
What's that supposed to mean?

SHOT: AGAIN, Straight on MAN 1

MAN 1 suddenly stops slapping. Like he's just realized something horrible. His face says it all.

MAN 1
(disappointed tone)
This ain't the right one.

MAN 1 (CONT'D)
Goddamn it!
(throws Zyn without looking)

Without a second thought, MAN 1 reaches into his back pocket and pulls out another Zyn quickly.

MAN 1 (CONT'D)
(starts slapping)
Shit! This ain't it either.

MAN 1 throws the Zyn without looking again.

SHOT: MAN 2 is stunned by what's going on, a very confused face.

As MAN 1 lowers his arm to dig for another one, he stops immediately.

MAN 1 (CONT'D)
Gimme a second.

WIDE SHOT: The entire table. MAN 1 gets up and walks out of frame before bringing a box to the table and putting it on it.

Tense music starts building up.

MAN 2
Dude! What is going on right now?

MAN 2 (CONT'D)
(serious)
What's with the box?

MAN 1
I said, gimme a second.

MAN 1 starts looking through the box and starts throwing Zyns out on the floor, one by one. Lots of zyns fall, almost like he's still looking for the right one.

MAN 1 (CONT'D)
Where the hell is it!
(concentrated)

MAN 2
Alright man, if you want me to leave, I can. Okay??

MAN 1
One second.
(still looking)

MAN 2
Dude!

SHOT: MAN 1 doesn't respond.

MAN 2 (CONT'D)
Dude!!

MAN 1
(stops looking)
Fine, fine, fine. I'm done.

MAN 2
Thank god, I mean- Look at the mess you made.

SHOT: All the zyns on the floor beneath the table.

WIDE SHOT: The entire table and both Men.

MAN 1
(calm)
Happens every Tuesday. Calm down.

Man 1 sits down.

MAN 2
(confused)
Wha- What?

MAN 1
Look, I apologize for interrupting okay?
(pause)
I'm sorry.

MAN 2
It's alright man, I just never seen some shit like that before.
(slight laugh)

MAN 1
Any who, what were you saying?

Camera TURNS to MAN 2.

MAN 2
(looks down, trying to remember)
Um... Oh yeah- Why has work bee-

The slapping starts again.

MAN 2 looks up in fear.

MAN 1 is eating his food, both hands free.

MAN 2 (V.O.)
How is he doing that?

MAN 2
How are... How are you doing that??

MAN 1
Practice.
(pause)
Little experience.
(pause)
Time really.

SHOT: From MAN 1's shoulder, MAN 2 is alarmed and confused.

MAN 2
Okay, look man.
(puts both hands up)
I'm out, okay?

MAN 2 (CONT'D)
You're freaking the hell outta me with that slapping.

MAN 1
(confused)
Why?

MAN 2 stands up and walks out of frame.

SHOT: MAN 2 walks to the front door, opens it. Slapping can still be heard from the kitchen.

MAN 2
(turns around)
I'll talk to you tomorrow.

MAN 1 (O.S.)
Sure thing man!

MAN 2 then walks out and closes the door behind him.

SHOT: MAN 1 at the table by himself. The slapping stops, he reaches down below the table and pulls out the Zyn.

MAN 1 analyzes the Zyn, staring at it while he looks at every inch of it.

A sharp note rises...

The Zyn pops open.

SHOT: Directly on MAN 1, he closes his eyes, the Camera slowly moves in.

MAN 1
(happy, eyes closed)
Wooooo man!
(pause)
That's a...